Hickelty Pickelty:

OR, A

MEDLY

OF

CHARACTERS

Adapted to the Age. Relating to different *Persons* and *Perswasions*,

VIZ.

A Presbyterian; or, A Female Hypocrite.
A Beau.
A Whig.
A Lawyer's Clerk; or, A Pot-Poet.
An Attorney.
A Detractor.
A Bowling-Green.
A Surgeon.
A Player.
A Tavern.
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A *Pinner's-Hall* Text-Driver.
An unsanctify'd Dun; or, A cruel Creditor.
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A Flatterer.
A High-flyer.
A Drunkard.
A Prison.
A Courtier.
A handsom Bar-keeper.
A young Rake.
A Whore-Master.
A Pretender to Learning.
A Tobacconist.
An upstart Sheriff; or, A Country-Justice.
A Sceptick in Religion.
A Stock-Jobber.

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A Character of a Presbyterian, or, A Female Hypocrite.

IS one in whom all good Women ſuffer, ſhe Cenſures her whole Sex; yet is her ſelf the moſt liable to Cenſure amongſt 'em. She hates Play-houſe and Church alike; the one is an Offence to her pretended Sanctity, the other to her ſuppoſed Modeſty. The Surplice makes her Bluſh ſhe ſays; for it looks as if the Parſon was in his Shirt. She's generally found with a Prayer Book in her Hand, and Billetdeux in her Pocket! Her Diſcourſe is ſtill uſher'd in with Scripture; Religion is the Text, Bawdy the Application; and whilſt ſhe gives a young Fellow advice againſt Wenching, ſhe ſlily inſinuates a liking for his Perſon. Her Devotion at Church lies much in the Turning up of her Eyes, and turning down the Leaf in her Book. When ſhe comes home ſhe extals the profound Preacher's Knowledge of the Scripture, to bring her own in Reputation, and is in a ſeeming Extaſie for his Divinity, when his Perſon has made him ſo for his Humanity. Superſtition is her darling Sin, notwithſtanding her Quarrel with *Rome*; for ſhe'll go five Miles to hear Dr. *B*——*ſs*, tho' leſs than a Quarter's Travel would bring her to a more Edifying Diſcourſe. She doubts of the Virgin *Mary*'s Salvation, and dares not Saint her; but ſhe knows her own Place in Heaven, as perfectly as the Pew ſhe keeps a Key to; She's ſo taken up with *Faith*, ſhe has no room for *Charity*, and underſtands but ſhe believes nothing to be a *Vice* in the Brethren, nor *Virtue* in thoſe of a contrary Perſwaſion. She prefers *Sanctity* without ſide, more than *Godlineſs* within; She'd tempt *Adultery* in private leſs, than a Civil *Salute* in Company. She rails at all Women out of her *Community*, by the Names of *Jezebel* and *Dalilah*; and calls her own Daughters, *Rebeca* and *Abigal*; and not *Ann*, but *Hannah*—— The Mis *Prews* look like Pictures in the Hangings in Publick; but the Sanctified Girls are generally *Swingers* in a Corner. She ſuffers 'em not to learn on the *Spinnet*, becauſe of their affinity with the *Organs*. But is reconcil'd to *Bells* for the Chimes ſake, ſince they were Reform'd to the Tune of a *Pſalm*. She overflows with the *Bible*, and ſpills it on every Occaſion, and Cants the New Teſtament all the while ſhe's Beating her Maids. 'Tis a queſtion whether ſhe is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her; ſhe's always Challengeing him at his own Weapons, Lying and Hypocriſie, and the Devil finds it a hard Matter to keep his Prerogative. Nothing angers her ſo much as that Women are not allow'd to Preach, and in this Point only thinks the *Browniſts* erroneous; but what ſhe can't at the Church, ſhe can at the Table, where ſhe rails againſt Senſe and Antichriſt, till a Capon Wing ſtops her Mouth, and gives the wearied Girl a little Reſpit.

She expounds the Prieſts of *Baal*, reading Miniſters, and thinks the Salvation of that Pariſh as deſperate as the *Turks*. In that Deſtruction is her Buſineſs, Scandal her Devotion, Intereſt her God, and Diſimulation her Maſter piece. She's an everlaſting Argument, but I am a weary of her.

A

A Character of a Beau.

IS one that is born and ſhap'd for his Cloaths, who acknowledges his Taylor for his Creator, and next to him owes his Being to his Peruke-Maker. And if *Adam* had not fal'n, he had liv'd to no purpoſe; he congratulaxes therefore the firſt Sin, and worſhips Fig-Leaves that were the Occaſion of Bravery. The firſt Care is his Dreſs, the next his Body; and in the uniting theſe Two lies his Soul and Faculties.

His buſineſs is in the Side Box, the Stage, and the Drawing-room; his Diſcourſe conſiſts of Dreſs, Equipage, and Ladies, and his extream Politeneſs in writing *Billetdeux*; which he never fails to ſhew in all Companies, tho' Ten to One they are written by himſelf and Copied by ſome Mercenary Harlot, retain'd by him for that purpoſe; with theſe he pretends to divert Women of Honour, who as ſoon as his Back's turn'd, never fail to laugh at him for't. The nice Management of his *Italian* Snuff-box, and the affected Screw of his Body, makes up a great Part of his Converſation, and the Pains he takes to recommend himſelf, wou'd ſet *Heraclitus* a Laughing. He's ſtill drawing his Watch out of his Pocket, to make the Company believe he has an Aſſignation upon his Hands, when indeed he only ſpends his Minutes in numbring 'em; and the Parings of other Peoples Diſcourſe, are the Rarities of his own. He's perpetually Laughing to ſhew his white Teeth, and is never ſerious but with his Taylor, when in a deep Conſpiracy for the next new Suit; or when the Bill's to be paid for't; his Satyr againſt Religion and Scholarſhip; and the ſilly Fellow in Black is the Name by which the Parſon of his Pariſh is known. He has the ſame Value for the Church as he has for the Play-houſe, and goes to neither for the ſake of what he hears there, but what he's to ſay himſelf, and to have his Coach and Liveries diſtinguiſh'd at the Door. He ſpends his Forenoons in the Looking-glaſs, and ſtudies what Looks to put on in his Afternoon Viſits. His whole Deſign is bent upon a Fortune, which if he gets, the Coach and Equipage is ſtill ſupported, if not his fine Cloaths and he proves ſtale together, and he is commonly buried ere he dies in a Goal, or the Country, two Places equally diſagreeable to a Man of his Complexion. If he lives no body takes notice of him; if he dies there's an End of one that has made an End of his Eſtate; and ſo much for one that's even too inſignificant for a Character.

A Whig.

IS one that divides his Religion between his Conſcience and his Purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God, but himſelf: the face of the Law makes him wear the Maſque of the Goſpel, which uſes not as a Means to ſave his Soul, but his Place: He loves Merit well, but not ſo well as to loſe by it. He pawns his Faith for an Office, and brings in his Body to ſave his Bail. He goes to Church to fit him for an Employ, kneels with the Congregation, but prays by him; and ask's God forgiveneſs for coming thither; If he be forc'd to ſtay for a Sermon, he hangs down his head and frowns out the 3 quarters of an hour, and when he comes

home thinks to make amends by abuſing the Preacher. Charity is directly againſt his Principle, yet he ſwallows the *Communion*, notwithſtanding his qualm to't, when he Smooths the way to Preferment, he would make a bad Martyr and good Traveller, for his Conſcience is ſo large he can never go out of the Way; and in a *Jewiſh* Government, would venture Circumciſion, with a mental Reſervation, to be chief Miniſter of State.

A Lawyer's-Clerk, or, *A Pot-Poet.*

IS the Scum of Converſation, with the Dregs of Wit. *Derby-Ale* and he are ſynonimous. The Beauty of his Character conſiſts in Ugline's; and its a meer Wild-Gooſe-Chace to find out his Meaning; yet he is the eaſieſt Fellow breathing to be *known*, at the ſame time he is difficult to be *underſtood*, and *Noverint Univerſi* is the moſt agreeable Motto for him in the World. To draw him rightly, is to Copy from a *Dutch* Drinking-Piece, and his Tobacco and his Writings are of the ſame duration, and expire in Smoke. Ask him, What is the greateſt Help to Poetry, he has an Anſwer at his Fingers-ends, and crys, *Drink*: All his Quotations from the *Latin* conſiſts in *Nunquam niſi Potus ad Arma*; and his Converſation is the only Argument to be found to be make out that Paradox, *That Talking ſpoils Company*. His Aim is no higher than the middle-Gallery, and if his Jeſts reach them, he out-does the *Mourning-Bride*, and the *Fair-Penitent*. He obſerves no other *Time* in his Plays than what his Maſter allows him; and the Place of Action is where the beſt Ale is, ſometimes here, ſometimes there, as the Maggot bites, or his Maſter calls him to the Duties of the Office, or he carries himſelf to Perform the Drudgery of the Pot. Deſign and he are perfect Strangers, and has no manner of Acquaintance with Decency or Order. His Heroes reſemble Bullies at a Gaming-Houſe, and *Peter's* Coffee houſe is the Model. He takes Vertue from his Heroine come from *Spring-Garden*, or *Grays-Inn-Walks*, and for him to take a Turn or two with his Sword on, and his Bag left behind him, is to be furniſhed with Examples of Chaſtity and Beauty for ſucceeding Ages. Believe me, he knows no ſuch thing as Sceptiſm, and *Toland* is a meer Heretick in compariſon of him: He doubts nothing, and makes no ſcruple of giving his Aſſent to what Myſteries you pleaſe; and to make him appear to you in his right Colours, he will not ſtick to own that Religion it ſelf is a Myſtery with him. That he may be diſtinguiſh'd from the Sons of *Apollo*, he excludes Wit out of his Works, as the *Scots* do the Surplice out of the Church, and his Poems read like ſo many Bonds and Indentures, Agreements by which he is bound to maintain the Cauſe of Nonſenſe. They ſeem to be writ in an Ale-Houſe, for Similies run like the Tap, and his Invention ebbs and flows at the mercy of the Spiggot, with this difference only, that the Tap is to be prefer'd to his Pen; for whatever Liquor iſſues out at the former, be it never ſo flat, muſt have more Life than what comes from the latter, unleſs any thing can be beneath a *Caput mortuum*. His Panegyrick is the moſt offenſive thing he writes, and his Satyr the moſt Innocent: If you would laugh deſire him

to

to write Tragedy, or be in a ſerious Temper, read a little of his Comedy. In ſhort, he's a Compound of Moloſſes and Aloes, neither bitter nor ſweet; and here's my Service to him, in this our Morning's Draught, which is his Reſemblance, a Mug of Purl; and ſo I leave him to take up his Maſter's Bag, and look like *Yea* and *Nay* the *Cunney-Skin-Man*, at my Lord-Keeper's.

An Attorney.

A Desk, a Pennyworth of Pens and Ink, and a Quire of Paper ſet him up, where he now ſits for all Comers. We can't call him a great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the Infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has ſome ſmatch of the Scholar, yet uſes *Latin* very rarely, and leſt it ſhould accuſe him, cuts it off in the middle, and will by no means let it ſpeak out. His Poor Country Clients worſhip him more than their Landlord; and he is ſure of a Feaſt from Avarice it ſelf, when once it comes under the Law. He firſt racks him, then delivers him to the Lawyers for Execution: He has always the Marks of Haſt in his Face, and Buſineſs in his Hand, *viz.* a roguiſh Look, and a ſcrowl of Paper. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted Seven Years in the Inns of Court; when all his Skill is ſtuck in his Office-Window. What has deſtroy'd many a Man's Fortune, upholds his, Strife and Contention. His Hurry of Buſineſs leaves him no thought for his Conſcience; nor does he much mind Dooms-Day, for he hopes he has a Trick to reverſe Judgment.

A Detractor.

IS one of a cunning and active Genius, a Fellow that would have no Body eſteem'd but himſelf, yet like a Hound in a Fault takes the wrong Scent, in purſuit after a Reputation. He is ſtrangely ambitious to match others, not by raiſing his own Worth, but by bringing them down to his own Level. He is indeed like the Red Dragon that purſu'd the Woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his Mouth, and caſts a Flood after to drown him. You can't vex him worſe, than to do well; he hates you more heartily for this, than if you had robb'd him of his Patrimony. He is always ſlighting the general Opinion, and running counter to the publick Approbation. He is like one in the yellow Jaundice, who thinks all things of one Colour, be they never ſo different. Commend a grave Divine he crys Poſtilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Rhiming; a School-man, dull Wrangling; a Repartee, meer Flaſh; and an honeſt Man, Plauſibility. He comes to Plays, and publick Places, not to ſee Beauties, but to find Fault; and if there be but one Solœciſm, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepar'd Sowerneſs, and is ſtill furniſhed with a *Piſh* before-hand: If reſpect to the Company make him ſecond a Commendation, it is like an Act of Parliament, tagg'd with a Clauſe and Exception; or to ſmooth the way to ſome greater Scandal, he will grant you ſomething, and bate more, and this bating ſhall in concluſion, take away all he granted. His Speech concludes with an *Oh! but*, and, *I could with one thing amended*; and this one thing ſhall be enough to deface all

his former Commendations. He will be very intimate with a Man, to fish some ill out of him, to make his Calumnies more Authentick, when it is said a Friend reported it. He will inveigle you into bad Company, to get your good Name into his Clutchers, and make you drunk, to shew your Reeling. He passes the more plausibly, because all Men have a smatch of his Humour, and that is taken for Freeness, which is no other than downright Malice. If he can say nothing of a Man, he will seem to speak Riddles, as if he would; and when he has rack'd his Invention to the utmost, he ends, *But he is my Friend, and therefore I must hold Peace.* In short, he is one that has lost all Good himself, and is loth to find it in another. He is a Man that is at such a distance from Honour or Justice, that he that has any knowledge of either, can say little or nothing of him.

A Bowling-Green.

IS a Place where there are three Things thrown away besides Bowls, *viz.* Time, Money, and Curses; the last, ten for one. The best Sport in it is a sight of the Gamesters, and the looker on enjoys it more than him that plays. It is the School of Wrangling, nay worse than the Schools, for Men will cavil here for a Hairs bredth, and make a Dispute, where a Straw might end the Controversie. No Antick screws his Body into such strange Postures; and you wou'd think 'em mad, to hear 'em make Supplication to their Bowls, and exercise their Rhetorick to intreat a good Cast. The Betters are the Factious Noise of the Green, or the Gamesters Beads-Men, that pray for 'em. They resemble those that are cheated at Court, for they lose their Money, and must say nothing. It is the Microscope to discover the Humour of Mankind by, where you'll see a variety of Impatience; some Fretting, some Railing, some Swearing, and others, ridiculously, Comfort themselves with Philosophy. To give you the Moral of it, it is the Emblem of the World, or the World's Ambition; where most are short, or over, or wide or wrong byas'd, and some few jostle into the Mistress Fortune: And it is here, as in the Court, where the neareſt are most frighted, and all Blows are aim'd at him that has the happiness to touch the Block, and arrive at the Goal of his Expectations.

A Surgeon.

IS one whose Business lies about this little House of Man. Nature is the Architect, and he is the Plaisterer; it is oftner out of Reparations than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it up again. He deals most in broken Commodities; and his Gains are ill got, for he thrives by the Hurts of his Country. He differs from a Physician, as a Sore from a Disease; the one Poysons you within, the other Blisters you without. He complains of this cowardly Age; and thinks the Law against Duelling, was made on purpose to wound his Vocation. He had been long since undone, if the Charity of the Masks had not reliev'd him, from whom he has a Tribute as duely as the Pope. He is a Stranger to Pity, and holds a Rich Patient longer in Pain, than the Court of

Chancery

Chancery does a Cauſe; and tells you what danger you were in had he ſtaid a Minute longer: And tho' but a prickt Finger, he'd make of it much Matter. He is a cleanly Man, conſidering the Scabs he has to deal with; and fine Ladies are ſometimes beholden to him for their beſt Dreſſings. He curſes old Women, and their Charity, that make his Trade their Paſport to Heaven; but above all, the Sparks that go over to fight in *Flanders*, and wiſhes 'em drown'd in their Paſſage, for he is ſo far a Proteſtant, that he hates the *French* ſhould get his Cuſtom.

A Player.

KNows the right uſe of the World, wherein he comes to play a part, and ſo away, if he would live up to his Knowledge. He can't be ſaid to lead an Idle Life, for he is always in Action. No Man ought to be more circumſpect in his Dealings, the Eyes of all Men are upon him. His Profeſſion is a kind of Contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, yet none is more applauded; too much Wit makes him a Fool, and too little does the ſame by the Author: And like a painted Woman, he is ſeldom in his own Face, ſeldomer in his Cloaths; and pleaſes the better, the better he Counterfeits; he perſonates in the Sheet as well as on the Stage, and is ſtill mask'd in the Habit of a Gentleman: His Parts furniſh him with Diſcourſe *a propo* to all Company; tho' he often ſwears Oaths that he never conn'd, and forgets 'em as ſoon as the Quality he repreſented. The *Abigals* are over Head and Ears in Love with the buskin'd Hero; and he is ſometimes admitted to Act in the Chambers of their Ladies. To give him his due, he can ſet off the worſt Things to the beſt Advantage, and can do Juſtice to the beſt. *Tom Durfey* owes his Being to him, and *Old-mixon* had been Duſt and Aſhes, as well as his moral Works, were it not for him; and he that can make either of theſe pleaſe, or meet with a Reception in the World, take my Word for it, has enough upon his Hands, and muſt meet with Difficulties. Let his Perſon be but ſizable, and for Reſolution, he ſhall challenge any *Cato*; for his Practice has been to die bravely.

A Tavern.

IS ſome Degrees, or, if you pleaſe, ſome Pair of Stairs above an Ale-houſe, where Men are Drunk with more Credit and Apology. The Vintner's Noſe may ſupply the place of a Sign, which is commonly Red, to ſhew he is not aſham'd of his Calling. The Rooms ſtink as ill as the Morning-breath of thoſe that were drunk in 'em over Night: Not furniſh'd with Beds, but more neceſſary Implements, *viz.* Chairs, a Table, and a Jordan. It is a Broacher of more News than Hogſheads, and more Jeſts than News, which are ſuckt up here by ſome ſpungy-brain'd Poet, and from thence ſqueez'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make Merry, but, indeed, make a Noiſe, and this Muſick above, is anſwer'd with clinking of Pots below. The Drawers are the civileſt People in it, Men of good bringing up, and however we eſteem them, none can boaſt more juſtly of their *High-Calling*. 'Tis the beſt Theatre in the World, where Nature is truly acted: They paſs all their Degrees in a Minute, from the bottom of the Cellar to the top of the Gar-

not, and can aſcend and deſcend when they pleaſe. No Place in the World has ſuch various Cauſe for reſort; Men come hither to Quarrel, and likewiſe to be made Friends: And if *Ovid* will ſtand by his own Aſſertion, it is even *Telephus* his Sword, that both makes Wounds and cures them. It is the Deſtroyer of the Afternoon, and the Maker-away of a Rainy Day. It is the *Torrid-Zone* that ſcorches the Face, while up, and the *Frigid*, that freezes all the manly Parts, when a-bed. Tobacco is the Gun-Powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready to quench theſe Flames. A Houſe of Sin you may call it, but not a Houſe of Darkneſs, for the Candles are never out; and like the Nothern Countries, 'tis as light at Midnight, as at Noon-day. After a long ſitting, it looks like the Street in a daſhing Shower, where the Spouts are fluſhing above, and the Conduits running below, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like ſwelling Rivers overflow their Banks. To give you a total Account of it, it is the buſy Man's Recreation, the idle Man's Buſineſs, the melancholly Man's Sanctuary, the Crack's Market, the Stranger's Welcome, the Student's Entertainment, the Scholar's Kindneſs, and the Trades-man's Courteſie; it is the Study of Wits, and a Cup of Canary their Book; where we will leave them.

A Coquet.

IS a Spruce Gay Popet Nature ſets up for a Show: A ſort of Something that ſignifies Nothing. And as the *Jews* of Old, would Compaſs Sea and Land to gain a Proſelyte; and after all their Pains, leave him ten times worſe than they found him: So ſhe ſpreads all her Artillery; puts on every ingaging Air, to make a Lover only; to make the Man an Aſs. Nothing racks her very Soul like hearing another Woman prais'd, or ſeeing her in a new Faſhion firſt. She Admires a Crowd of Admirers at once; and to ſhew the top of her Management, ſhe diſtributes her Favours equally: She Smiles on one, Winks on t'other, and Drinks to the Third; the Fourth ſhe Admires for his Air, the Fifth for his Dreſs, and the Sixth for his Talent in Poetry, *&c.* She is ſure to rail at the abſent Party, the better to endear her ſelf with the Preſent, who infailibly in his turn, has the ſame Sauce. Let her Complexion be never ſo good, ſhe ſtill uſes Paint, that ſhe may appear more Fair; and ſeems to find Fault with what God has given her, by correcting a Feature with a Patch, that other People may not find fault with what ſhe has giv'n her ſelf: And the better to ſhew her fine Bottle and white Hand, ſhe is ever complaining of the Vapours; but ſhe never has the Spleen ſo effectually, as when a Man Addreſſes a Lady in her Company. In reality ſhe loves nothing but her dear ſelf; though ſhe profeſſes a tender Regard for every thing that comes in her way, but the next Mirrour (for which ſhe has a violent Paſſion) puts the reſt of the World quite out of her Head. She Dreſſes for all Mankind: yet ſeldom ſecures any one of them. She is of too many Minds to be lik'd by one Man; and of too few good Qualities to be approved of by many. To ſum up the whole, ſhe neither looks as ſhe ſhould, nor acts as ſhe ſhould; and I ſhould

have less to do than I should had I any thing farther to say of her.

A Pinner's-Hall Text-Driver.

IS a diseas'd Piece of Apocrypha; bind him to the Bible and he corrupts the whole Text: Ignorance is the true Mother of his Devotion: As for his Father, he is not such a Fool as to pretend to know him. His Life is but a borrowed blast of Wind; for between two Religions, as between two Doors, he is ever whistling. His fiery Zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own Translation; and till he eat a Schoolman he is ever Hyde-bound. He exclaims perpetually against *Non-Residents*, but is himself the greatest *Discontinuer*, for he never keeps near his Text. Any thing that the Law allows but Marriage, and a Cup of the best Ale, he murmers at; and what it forbids and holds for Dangerous, makes him a Discipline and a fresh Tenor to stand by. Where the Gate stands open he is ever looking for a Stile; and where his Learning ought to climb he creeps thro'. Give him Advice, you run into *Traditions*; and urge the Necessity of a *Modest Behaviour*, he crys out, *Popery, my Brethren; the Language of the Beast and his detested Councils.* His greatest Care is to contemn Obedience; his last Care is to serve God handsomly and cleanly. Decency and Order are Words to be flung out of his New-Testament; and as he has 'em not in his Mind, you are not to expect 'em in his Actions. He is such a perverse sort of a Teacher, that should the Church enjoin clean Shirts, in opposition to its Injunctions he would be Lousie. More Sense than single Prayers is not his, nor more in those Prayers than the same Petitions over and over again: From whence you may Conclude, he either fears a Learned Faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing, and has a very ill Memory. Shew him a Surplice and he'll run from it as a Ghost in a Winding-Sheet; and hates square Dealing as ally'd to Square Caps and Prelacy. A Pair of Organs blow him out of Company, and are the only Glister-Pipes to cool him. Where the Meat is best, there he confutes most; for the Arguing is but the Efficacy of his Eating. Good Bits he holds breed good Positions; and the Pope he best concludes again, in Tarts and Custards. He is often Drunk, but not as we are. *Temporally*; nor can his Sleep then cure him, for the very Fumes of his Ambition make his very Soul reel; and Silence, which should be instead of Small Beer to cool him keeps him surfeited, and makes him break-out in Private Houses. Women and Lawyers are his Disciples; the one next Fruit, longs for *forbidden Doctrine*, the other to maintain *forbidden Titles*, both which he sows amongst 'em. Honest he dares not be, for that is a Vertue, should, or does, belong to Episcopacy: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but Master of it, that is, get the highest Preferment, there lives not such another Convert. To define him rightly, is to give him the Name of a demure Creature, full of Oral Sanctity, but Mental Impiety: A fair Object to the Eye, but stark naught for the Understanding: He has Nick-nam'd all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sons; and begets nothing but *Priscilla*'s and *Aquila*'s for his Daughters. In short, he pretends to be assured of Salvation; so that he will not change Places with the Virgin *Mary* without something to Boot.

An unsanctified Dun, or a Cruel Creditor.

IS a Man with a wild Beast's Aspect; a Wound in a Debtor's side, that cannot be cured but by a Mineral from the Mines of *Potosy*; Is a Fellow that Torments Men for their good *Conditions*. He is one of *Deucalion*'s Sons, begotten of a Stone. The Marble Images in the *Temple* Church somewhat resemble him; only when he lays down he has no Hopes to rise again to Salvation. He is a Catch-pole's Morning-Draught; for the News of such a Man's being come to Town, is a Pint and a Writ in his Hand at once. He is the Blood-hound of the Law, and hunts *Counter* very swiftly, and with great Judgment. He has a quick Scent to smell out his Game, and a good deep Mouth to pursue it; yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till ge kills, or at least draws, and then he pincheth most doggedly. He is a Lawyer's Pad-Nag, and the only Beast upon which he *Ambles* so often to *Westminster*, and a Lawyer is his God-Almighty: In him only he Trusts, to him he flies in all his Troubles, from him he seeks Succour; to him he Prays, that he may by his Means overcome his Enemies. Him does he Worship both in the *Temple* and *Abroad*, and

hopes by him and *Good Angels*, to proſper in all *Actions*. A Scrivener is his Farrier, and helps to recover all his diſeas'd and maim'd Obligations. From the beginning of *Hillary* Term, to the End, his Purſe is full of Quick-Silver, ſo ſo that it ſets him a running from Sun-riſe to Sun-ſet up *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, and ſo from one Court to another, till he is forc'd to go Home and recruits his Spirits and his Pocket, for another Foot-match next Morning. If he were to be hang'd, unleſs he could be ſaved by his Book, he cannot for his Heart call out for a Pſalm of Mercy; and tho' he will not bate a Farthing of a Debt due from his Neighbour, he makes bold with his God, and leaves out of the Lord's Prayer, *Forgive us our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that Treſpaſs againſt us*. He is in part an Arithmetician; cunning enough in Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtraction. *Summa Totalis*, is the Language of his *Canaan*; and *uſque ad ultiman Quadrantem*, the Period of all his Charity. He is an Act of Parliament, Trap-baited with Parchment and Wax; the fearful Mice he catches are Debtors, with whom ſcratching Attornies, (like Cats) play a good while, and then Mouze them. The Belly is an unſatiable Creditor, but Man is worſe.

A Bayliff's Follower.

IS a Hanger that a Bayliff wears by his Side: It's a falſe *Die* of the ſame *Bale*, but not of the ſame cut, for it runs ſomewhat higher, and does more Miſchief. It is a Tumbler to drive in the Comies. He is yet but a Bungler, and knows not how to cut up a Man without tearing, but by a Pattern. One Term Fleſhes him, or a Verge of the Court Breakfaſt. The Devil is but his Father-in-Law, and yet for the Love he bears him, will leave him as much as if he were his own Child; and for that cauſe, inſtead of Prayers, he does every Morning ask him Bleſſing in *Flying-Hourſe-Court*, and thrives the better in his *Actions* all the Day after. This is the Hook that hangs under Water to choak the Fiſh, and his Maſter is the Quill above Water, which pops down ſo ſoon as ever the Bait is ſwallow'd. It is, indeed, an *Otter*, and a more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Clare-Market* Rat has a Tail as long as his Fellows, but his Teeth are more ſharp, and he more Hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and has not his full half ſhare of the Booty. The Eye of this Wolf is as quick in his Head, as a Pick-Pocket's in *St. Paul's* Choir; and he is as nimble at his Buſineſs, as a Hang-Man at an Execution. His Office is as the Dogs, to worry the Sheep firſt, or drive him to the Shambles; the Butcher that cuts his Throat ſteps out afterwards, and that's his Office. His Living lies near *Drury-Lane*, or *Holbourn-Bars*; but his Conſcience is got on the other ſide of the Water, and lies buried with the Poor Souls he has drag'd away to Priſon, in the Common-ſide of the *Marſha ſea*. This Eel is bred out of the Mud of ſome caſt Tradeſman, and dies commonly with his Guts rip'd up; or he makes his Exit at the Sign of the Three Trees near *Paddington*. He will very greedily take a cut with a Sword, and ſuck more Silver out of the Wound than his Surgeon ſhall. His Beginning is deteſtable, his Courſes deſperate, and his End damnable.

The Exchange.

IS the Land's Epitome, or you might call it the little Iſle of *Great-Britain*, did the Waters encompaſs it. It is more, 'tis the whole World's Map, which you may here diſcern in its perfecteſt Motion, juſtling and turning. 'Tis a vaſt heap of Stones, and the confuſion of Languages makes it reſemble *Babel*. The Noiſe in it, is like that of Bees; a ſtrange Humming or Buzzing, of walking Tongues and Feet; it is a kind of a ſtill Roaring, or loud Whiſper. It is the great Exchange of all Diſcourſes and no Buſineſs whatſoever but is here on Foot. All Things are Sold here, and Honeſty by Inch of Candle; but woe be to the Purchaſer, for it will never thrive with him. Is a Man a Whore-maſter, he may here be furniſh'd with dry and wet Nurſes for his Baſtard; and even amongſt this Crowd of Reformers, there are Bills ſtuck up here and there, to encourage Debauchery. It is the Antick of Tails to Tails; and for Vizards, you need go no further than Faces. It is the general Mint of all famous Lies, all Inventions are emptied here, and not a few Pockets, tho' their chief Study is how to get Money, to ſpend at their leiſure, in Plays, Taverns, and a Bawdy-Houſe: Their Wives and they know beſt how to deal with one another, and the Game of

Trick,

Trick for Trick is always in Faſhion with 'em, as one does by the Gallant, what t'other by Curtezan; and when their Vices have brought them to Ruin, they have this Advantage over the reſt of the World, to charge it on Storms and they.

Will's *Coffee-Houſe.* *A Wit.*

IS one that ſpends on the Stock, without any Revenues coming in, and will ſhortly be no Wit at all; for if Learning is the Fuel to Wit, if he is not ſtockt with it, out goes the Fire, and he's a Bankrupt in an Inſtant. A ſharp Conceit or two weakens him, and the loſs of his Brain is beyond recovery; what remains of him, is all Bubble and Flaſh, darted out on the ſudden, which if you take while they are warm, may be laught at, but if they cool, vaniſh into nothing. He ſpeaks beſt on the firſt apprehenſion, for mediation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in Travail, the leſs he brings forth. He is ſometimes in Poetick Raptures, but ſeldom above the Stature of an Epigram, and that with ſome Relief out of *Martial*, which is the ordinary Companion of his Pocket. Such Men are commonly the trifling Things of this World, fit to make other Folks merry, and be ſad themſelves, whom Men only have to do withal, when they have nothing elſe to do, and none are leſs their Friends, than who are moſt their Company. All their Words go for Jeſts, and all their Jeſts for nothing. They are quick in the Fancy of ſome ridiculous Thing, and reaſonable good in the Expreſſion. Nothing ſtops a Jeſt when it is coming; and they had rather loſe their Friend than their Wit. They emphatically Rail, are emphatically Dull, and emphatically Beaten: In ſhort, They are ſuch, whoſe Life is but to laugh, and be laught at; and only Wits in Jeſt, and Fools in Earneſt.

A Flatterer.

IS the Picture of a Friend, and his Looks much fairer than the Subſtance. A true Friend dares take the liberty to be ſometimes offenſive, when the other will never ruffle your Humour, for fear of loſing you; for a ſour Look fright him, and makes him fear a caſheering; and this is an infallible Mark of him, He is never firſt Angry, but ready, tho' in his own wrong, to make Satisfaction. He is never found with the Poor, but ſtill with thoſe whoſe Fortunes deſerve the Pains he takes to deceive them. He immediately grows perfect in his Humours, and that way enters into his Soul, of which, in a ſhort time, he is able to take the very Print, and thus makes a falſe Key to all your Secrets: He ſquares his Affections with yours, and is ſtill before-hand with your Thoughts, and can tell what you mean e'er you ſpeak: He never ſlips an opportunity of commending what he knows you like; and has always an abſurb Tale of your Enemy, and then wonders how your two Opinions ſhou'd jump in that Man. He asks your Counſel, only to perſuade you, that he has a regard and preference for your Judgment, and invents Secrets, on purpoſe to diſcloſe 'em to you. He liſtens to your Words, and admires whatever you ſay, tho' he'll ſometimes object, that you may confute him, then he proteſts he never heard a Man of ſuch profound Senſe before. If you chance to ſpeak a witty Thing, it burſts his ſides with laughing, and he is ſure to repeat it in all Company, and laughs again in the telling. He never chides you but for your Vertues, as—— *You are too good, too honeſt, too Religious*, &c. And indeed, it is his Buſineſs ſo to do, for your Vice is the Vertue which he makes of his own Neceſſity; thus at laſt he engroſſes you all, and wants but a Bribe to betray you. 'Tis a happineſs not to diſcover him, for as long as you are Happy, you ſhall not.

A High-Flyer.

IS a Paper-Kite, the *Pope* is the Lanthorn at the Tail of it, and the higher he flies the faſter he draws Popery after him. He ſcrews up Religion at ſuch a pitch, that it may be ready to break upon the firſt Opportunity that offers to his Intereſt. The good of the Church is his Pretence, but Ambition his End: and when the Scale is loaden with Honours, you are ſure of his caſting Vote. He ſtickles hard againſt Diſſenters, but is in Charity with *Rome*; and to extirpate the firſt, would ſubmit to the laſt. He meaſures the good of his Country by the hight of his Paſſions, or the depth of his Pocket, and if

they

they two be satisfyed, he cares not who Rules. He quarrels about Names and Ceremonies, till he justles Religion out of Doors; and she is no where to be found less than in those that profess her most. He is, and he is not, as Occasion serves, and like the *Jews* for their *Messiah*, in readiness for a new Revolution. He is one that has exchanged Reason for Madness; and *Jehu* like, drives on so furiously, he had rather be over-turn'd than lose the least Inch of his Power. In a Word, he is more Knave than Fool, and more Fool than Christian, *&c.*

A Drunkard.

IS one that will be a Man to morrow Morning, but it is now what you will make him; for he is in the Power of the next Man he meets; if a Friend, the better. He is one that is broke loose from Reason, and lies open to the Mercy of Temptation; no Lust but finds him disarm'd and Fenceless, and with the least Assault enters. If any Mischief escapes him, 'twas not his fault, he lay as fair for't as he could. Every Body sees him, as *Cham* saw his Father, the first of this Sin, an uncover'd Man; and tho' his Garment be on, the most Secret Parts of his Soul lie naked. All his Passions, all his Vanities are now discover'd; those shameful Humours which sober Discretion Cloths, all now are exposed: His Body becomes at last a miry Way, where the over-charg'd Spirits are clogged, and cannot pass; all his Members are out of Office, and his Heels no but trip up one another. He is a blind Man with Eyes, and a Cripple with Legs. He is the greatest Enemy to himself, and the next to his Friend, and that most in his Kindness, which is but trying a Mastery. who shall sink down first; and Men commonly come from him as from a Battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a Man off more from his Credit or Business, or makes him more wretchlesly Careless. Indeed a Drunkard dares not enter on a serious Thought or a Reflection, for if he does, 'tis such a melancholy one, that it sends him to be drunk again.

A Prison.

IS the Grave of the living, where they are shut up from the World, and their Friends; and the Worms that gnaw upon them, their own Thoughts, the Jaylor and their Creditors. A House of Meagre Looks and ill Smells: for Lice, Drink, and Tobacco are the Compound. Pluto's *Court was exprest from this Fancy, and the Persons resemble one another. You may ask, as* Menippus *in* Lucian, *which is* Nereus, *which* Thirsis, *which the* Beggar, *which the* Knight, *for they are hardly to be distinguish'd, only to be out at Elbows is the Fashion here, and a great decorum not to be Thread-bare. Every Man here shews like so many Wracks upon the Sea; here the Ribs of a thousand Pound, there the Relick of so many Manours: this is a Spectacle of more Pity than Executions are. The Company, one with another, is but a vying of Complaints, and the causes they have to rail on Fortune, and fool themselves: and there is a good Fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers, or Men that have had a great stroke in sending them hither. Mirth here is Stupidity or Hard-heartedness; yet they feign it sometimes, to pass off Melancholly, and secure themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have have been. Men huddle up their Life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Shirt, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the Place where Strangers are best Welcom'd, and their Joys are never greater than when they hear of the increase of their miserable Companions, because they are in hopes of a Garnish. This Place teaches Wisdom, but commonly too late; and a Man had better be a Fool than come here to learn Wit.*

A Courtier.

IS one that holds all his Acquaintance at the same rate they begin; a Compliment makes up his first Speech, and his last, and if you enter upon him further you lose him. Methinks Virgil *paints him right in those well-mann'd Ghosts as* Æneas *met with, that were Friends to talk with, and Men to look on, but when grasp'd but Air. He is one that lies kindly to you for good Breeding-sake, but 'tis ungentel in you to believe him. His Words are but so many fair Promises, put together in a fine Phrase; which serve equally for all Men, and to*

no purpoſe; each freſh Encounter makes him repeat what he ſaid to the laſt that was with him, for they are ever reverenc'd alike. He gives to all the low Salute, the cloſe Hugg, and the modiſh Kiſs, and is every Man's humble Servant to command. His Proffers are univerſal and general; but if you urge him to particulars, you loſe hem, tho' he is ſometimes retriev'd by the Golden Elixir. Promiſes he calls polite and mannerly, and when you expect the Performance cries, 'Tis an unbred Taſt, that can't diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken, and what is meant. *None gives better Satisfaction at firſt ſight, nor comes off with with a greater Elogy of an obliging Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him better, and then you know him to be nothing; and commonly thoſe rail moſt at him, that have moſt commended him. The beſt of it is, he cozens you with fair Words, and abuſes you with abundance of reſpect.*

A Handſom Bar-keeper.

INvites more than the Buſh. She's the Loadſtone that attracts Men of Steel, both thoſe that wear it to ſome purpoſe, and thoſe that wear it to none. They buz it about the Bar like Bees about the Hive; and provided they have ſweet Kiſſes, they never find Fault with the Wine; thus they poiſon two Senſes at once, the Sight and the Taſt. If you have her Company, the Reckoning is ſoundly inhanc'd, yet never diſputed. No City Dame is demurer than ſhe at firſt Greeting, nor draws in her Mouth with a chaſter Simper; but in a little time you may be more familiar, and ſhe'll bear a double Entandre *without bluſhing—— You muſt treat her with what ſhe likes, but that which is ſure to be the deareſt in the Cellar; her Pint-and-half Bottles paſs current, for there's no fault to be found in her Company. She may be an Honeſt Woman, but the whole World believes to the contrary. Her Husband is blinded by the Profit, always half Druak to keep up his Spirits; for ſhou'd he grow Sober, and open his Eyes, he'd run Horn-mad.*

A Young Rake.

IS now out of Nature's Protection, tho' not able to guide himſelf; expos'd to the World, and Fortune, from which the weakneſs of his Childhood preſerv'd him. He is juſt old enough to be miſerable, yet in his own Opinion juſt arriv'd at Happineſs. He judges of Men by their out-ſide, and takes all for Gold that glitters. He places his Joys in Vanity, and ſpends more time in ſtudying to be Vicious, than is required for the practice of Vertue. His Reaſon rules not his Appetite, but his Appetite has the Government of his Reaſon. Inſtead of avoiding Temptation, he ſearches all Places to find it. He leaves Repentance for the Grey-hair'd Seaſon; and tho' he hates nothing more, yet haſtens it on as faſt as he can, by his Riotous Living. He longs to be acquainted with the Vices in Faſhion; and Sins to his Underſtanding. He conceives his Youth to be the proper time for his Luſt, and the Hour wherein he ought to be Bad. He has a diſtaſt for Religion, as a ſhocking thing, and is Ten Years older at the Thought of a Future State. He loves and hates, he knows not why. His Friendſhip is bought by a Bottle, and perhaps loſt before it is drunk out; his Love and Anger are both Raſh and Inconſiderate; he offers you his Blood in Fondneſs to Day, and is ready to take yours to Morrow. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tack-lines, and only good Fortune can ſteer him; and if he ſcape Tyburn, *a Rapier, and the Pox, he lives to be Old; but it is almoſt next to an impoſſibility, that he can live till he is Wiſe.*

A Whore-Maſter.

IS the Servant of many Miſtreſſes, which indeed are all but his Luſt, and to which he is only faithful, and ſpends his beſt Blood and Spirits in the Service. His Soul is the Bawd to his Body, and his Body the Pains-taker for the Soul, that drudges on to condemn it. No Man abuſes more the Name of Love; for his is like his Stomach, to feed on what he likes, and the end of it to ſurfeit and loath, till a freſh Appetite rekindles him, and every new Face ſets him on Fire. There is a great deal of Malignity in this Vice, for it loves ſtill to ſpoil the Beſt Things. No Man laughs more at Sin than himſelf, and the remembrance does tickle him extremely. A double *Entandre* enters deep into him; and whatever you ſpeak he'll wreſt it to ſmut, if poſſible; and his Wit is a meer *non Entity* without it. He ſpeaks the worſt of himſelf; and

Men

Men believe him at all. Nothing, in his Opinion, is more abſurd than a chaſt Man, or deſerves more to be laught at. If you tell him of a Maid at Sixteen, he holds up his Hands and cries out, *a Miracle.* From this Miſtruſt it is, that ſuch Men fear Marriage, and never venture on a Woman under Fifty, whom they never Careſs but when diſappointed elſewhere, ſo make their Wife a Revenue to their Miſtreſs. They are Men not eaſily Reformed, becauſe they believe it no Sin, but ſtill bring in their Plea of Nature. The Pox only Coverts 'em, and that only when it kills 'em.

A Pretender to Learning.

IS one that would make others more Fools than himſelf: For tho' he knows nothing, he would not have the World know ſo much. He is, indeed, a kind of a Scholar Mountebank; and his Art the Stander by's Deluſion. He is dreſt out in all the Accoutrements of Learning, and at firſt ſight none paſſes better. He is oftner in his Study than at his Book; and you can't pleaſe him more than to miſtake him, that he may tell his meaning. He hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out Angry, as Interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, with a Pen in his Wig, in which formality he was aſleep. On his Table you are ſure to find ſome Claſſick Folio, which is as conſtant as the Carpet, and had laid open in the ſame Page this half Year. His Candle is always a longer ſitter-up than himſelf, and the boaſt of his Window at Night. He walks much alone, in the Poſture of Meditation; and now and then looks in a Book without reading. His Pocket is ſeldom without a *Greek* Teſtament, or *Hebrew* Bible, whhich he opens only in the Church, and that when ſome Stander-by looks over his Shoulder. He has Sentences adapted to all Company; ſome Gleanings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, ſerve upon all occaſions. What he reads in the Morning comes up at Dinner; as long as that laſts the Diſcourſe is his. His Wit is the meer ſcraps of his Company; yet he complains at parting, what Time he has loſt. He is very Capricious, and would have you think it Judgment, and liſten with a ſower Attention to what he don't underſtand, to avoid giving his Opinion. He talks much of *Scaliger*, and *Caſaubon*, and the Jeſuits; and prefers ſome unheard-of *Dutch* Name before them all. He has Verſes to bring in upon theſe and theſe Hints, and it ſhall go hard but he'll hedge in an Opportunity to repeat 'em. He is Critical in a Language he can't Conſtrue; and ſeldom ſpeaks under *Arminius* in Divinity. His Buſineſs is Retirement, and *Caller-away* is his Study, and he proteſts no Delight is comparable to it; yet in his Heart wiſhes nothing more than t'other Bottle or a Wench. He is a *Nomenclature* of Authors, which he has read in general in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, but ſeldom goes ſo far as the Dedication: Talks of nothing but Learning, and learns all from talking. Three Encounters with the ſame Men pump him, and then he only puts in, or gravely ſays nothing. He has taken pains to be an Aſs, tho' not to a Scholar, and meets at laſt with the Reward of his Pretenſions, which is to be diſcovered and laughed at.

A Tobacconiſt.

IS the only Man that finds that good in it that others brag of; for it is Meat, Drink, and Cloth to him. His Shop is the Rendezvous of Spitting, where many Dialogize with their Noſes, and their Converſation is Smoke. It is the place only where Spain *is commended and preferr'd before* England. *He ſhould be well experienc'd in the World, for he has daily trials of Men's Noſtrils; and none is better acquainted with Humours. He has generally a Perquiſite belongs to his Trade, call'd Brandy, which is the Bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the Flame that follows this Smoke.*

An upſtart Sheriff, or, A Country Juſtice.

HE has doſt the Name of Clown, but has not parted with the Looks; his Face bears ſtill the reliſh of Churn'd Milk, his Coat is daubed with Gold-Lace, far beyond his Neighbours, yet his Body and Mein ſtill make his Cloaths out of Faſhion. His Houſe-keeping is augmented, and his Family is increaſed by a Pack of Dogs, and the deepneſs of their Throats is the depth of his Diſcourſe: He is a Juſtice of Peace only to domineer, and do his Neighbour wrong; and very Scandalous in his Authority, for few Sins ſcape him; he will be drunk with his Hun-

ters for Company, and ſtain his new made Gentility with droppings of Ale. He lies with his Maids, to mimick the London *Gentry, and does not lie with his Wife, becauſe if he did, he ſhould not follow the Proceedings at Court. His Complexion is like his Hall, Wainſcot, and his Throat furr'd up with Ale, and as black as his Kitchen Chimney. The Aſſize-Week, are his Days of State, and what my Lord Judge ſaid to him, is his whole Years Diſcourſe: In fine, He is but a Clod of his own Earth; or his Land is the Dunghil, and he the Cock that Crows over it; and commonly the upſtart Race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children return to the Plough-Tail, from whence they came.*

A Sceptick in Religion.

IS one that hangs in the Ballance with all ſorts of Opinions, neither turns the Scale this way nor that way, but ſhews his Juſtice at the ſame time that he ſhews his Indifference, by being equally inclinable to give the Preference to all Religions alike. It is out of his belief of every thing, that he believes nothing fully. Each Religion frights him from its contrary, none perſuades him to its ſelf. He would be wholly an Atheiſt, but he has a ſmattering of Chriſtianity. A perfect Heretick, but that there are ſo many to diſtract him, his Complaiſance makes him comply with 'em. He finds Reaſon in all Opinions, Truth in none. Indeed, the leaſt Reaſon perplexes him, and the greateſt will not ſatisfie him. His propereſt Name is, *A Wild Chriſtian*. He is not to be ſpecializ'd by any Form, but capable of all. He profeſſeth the Religion of the Land he liveth in, becauſe it is next to him, yet he ſees not why he may not adhere to any other, on account of the Doctrines it makes profeſſion of. He makes choice of this not as the better, but becauſe there is not a Pin to chuſe. He more readily finds Doubts and Scruples, than reſolves 'em; is always entring the Liſts of Diſputation with himſelf, and always to hard for himſelf. His Learning is too much for his Brain, and his Judgment too little for his Learning, and his too good Opinion of both, ſpoils all. He admires at the growth of Religion, as if it was a Contrivance, and is more backward in giving his Aſſent to it on account of the the ſituation of the Places where it made its Progreſs; *Its ſtrange, and very odd,* cries he, *that Proteſtantiſm ſhou'd be born ſo in* England, *and Popery abroad, and that Fortune and the Stars ſhou'd ſo much ſhare in it.* In our own Differences with *Rome*, he is ſtrangely unfix'd, and a new Man every new Day, as his laſt Diſcourſe, Books, or Meditations tranſport him. He cou'd like the Grey Hairs of Popery, did not ſome of their Tenets ſtagger him; he wou'd come to us, but our new Name frights him; he is taken with their Miracles, but doubts an Impoſture, and would have a greater Veneration for the Doctrines of the Reformed Churches, but they ſeem too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his Fancy the circumſcription of Truth to our Corner, and is as hardly perſuaded to think their old Legends true. He hates Authority, as the Tyrant of Reaſon, and you cannot anger him worſe, than with an *Ipſe dixit*; yet ſhall urge the common Conſent of the Learned, to authorize his Doubts. In ſhort, His whole Life is a Queſtion, and his Salvation a much greater, which Death, only concludes, and then he is reſolv'd, and has his Anſwer.

A Stock-Jobber.

IS a Rational Animal, with a ſenſitive Underſtanding. He riſes and falls like the ebbing and flowing of the Sea; and his Paths are as unſearchable as hers are. He is one of *Pharoah*'s lean Kine in the midſt of Plenty; and to dream of him is almoſt an Indication of approaching Famine. He is ten times more changeable than the Weather; and the living Inſect from which the Graſhopper on the Royal-Bourſe was drawn, never leap'd from one Place to another, as he from one Number to another: Sometimes a Hundred and a half is too little for him, ſometimes Half a hundred is too much; and he falls ſeven times a Day, but not like *David*, on his Knees, to beg pardon for former Sins, but to be made capable of ſinning again. He came in with the *Dutch*, and he had freed us from as great a Plague as they were, had he been ſo kind as to have went out with 'em. He lives on the *Exchange*, but his *Dwelling* cannot be ſaid to be the Place of his *Abode*, for he *abides* no where, he is ſo unconſtant and uncertain. Ask him what Religion he profeſſes, he cries, *He'll ſell you as cheap as any Body*; and what value ſuch an Article of Faith is of, his Anſwer is, *I'll give you as much for a Debenture as the beſt Chapman thereabout ſhall.* He is fam'd for Injuſtice, yet he is a Maſter of *Equity* in one particluar to perfection, for he cheats every Body alike, and is *Equal* in all his Undertakings. The Den from which this Beaſt of Prey bolts out, is *Jonathan*'s Coffee-Houſe, or *Garroway*'s, and a Man that goes into either, ought to be as circumſpect as if in an Enemy's Country: A Diſh of Tea there, may be as dear to him as a good Purchaſe, and a Man that is over-reach'd in either, tho no Drunkard, may be ſaid to have drank away his Eſtate. He may be call'd a true Unbeliever, and out of the Pale of the Church, for he has no Faith. Is a meer *Toland: ſt* in ſecular Concerns, at the very minute that he is ready to take up any Goods upon Truſt that ſhall belong to his Neighbour. St. *Paul*'s Cathedral would be a Manſion-Houſe fit for a Deity indeed, in his Opinion, did but the Merchants meet there; and he can give you no ſubſtantialer a Reaſon for liking *Salter's-Hall* better than the Church, than becauſe of its being a Houſe of Traffick and Commerce, and the Sale being often held there. He is the Child of God in one Senſe only, and that is, by reaſon of his bearing his Image, but the Devil in many, for he fights under his Standard. To make an end of a Subject that is endleſs; he has the Figure of a Man, but the Nature of a Beaſt, and either triumphs over his Fellow-Adventurers, as he eats the Bread of other Peoples Carefulneſs, and drinks the Tears of Orphans or Widows, or being made himſelf Food for others, grows at laſt conſtant to one Place, which is the *Compter*, and the fitteſt Houſe for ſuch an unaccountable Fel. to make up his Accounts in. 28 MR 59

FINIS.